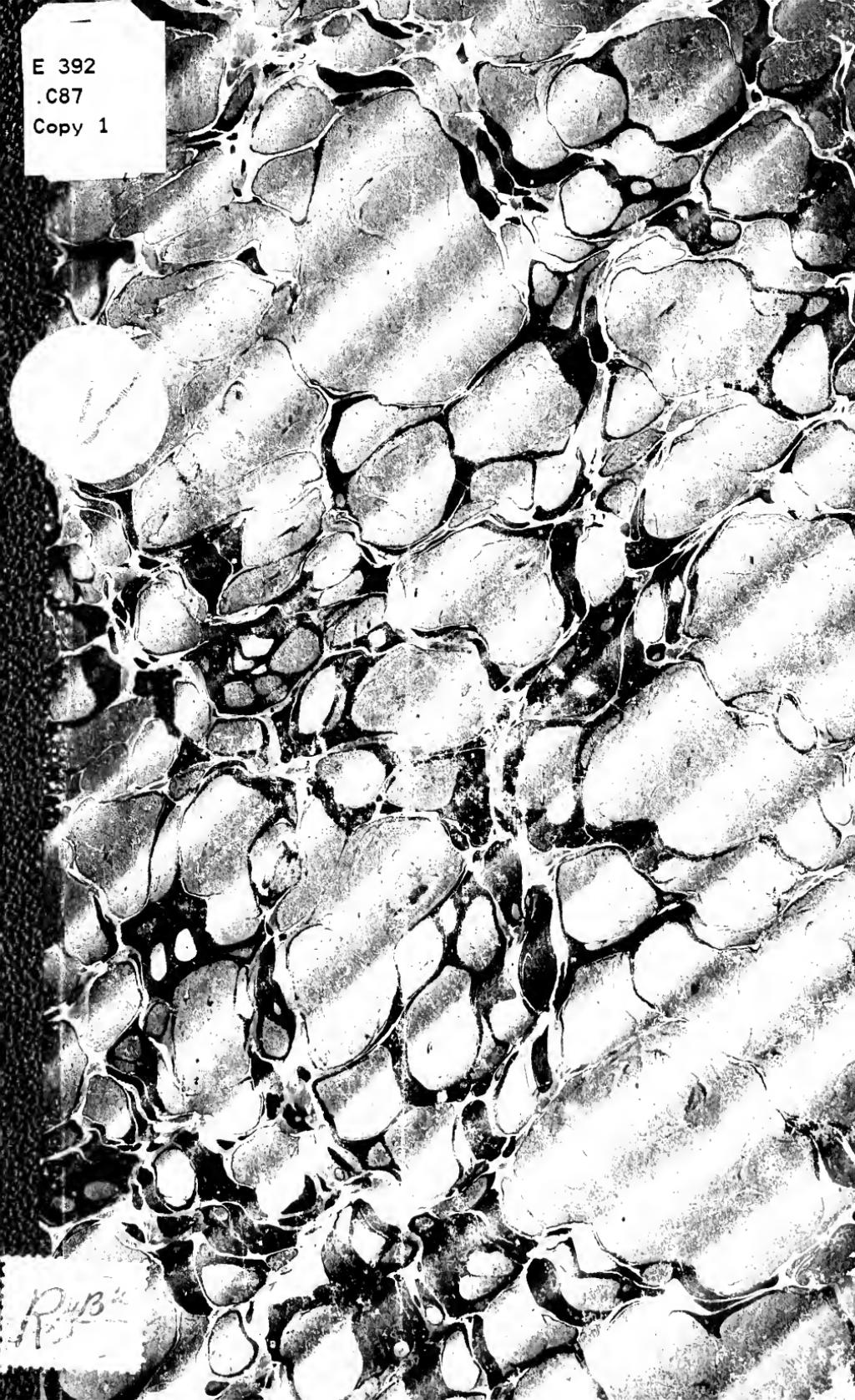


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GEN. WM. H. HARRISON AT NORTH BEND.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered before the

CINCINNATI LITERARY CLUB.

FEBRUARY 4, 1871.

BY

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II



CINCINNATI:

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE "MYSTIC JEWEL,"
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1871.

GEN. WM. H. HARRISON AT NORTH BEND.

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Nearly thirty years have passed since the remains of Genl. HARRISON were borne through our city to be deposited in their last resting place at North Bend. Most of the generation of men who were then prominent actors in public affairs, have followed him, or still linger on the stage mere spectators of the active world around them. Nearly twenty-three millions of people have been added to our population, to whom he speaks only through history.

The personal animosities, political prejudices, and wild excitement of 1840, are all hushed, and we can turn back in memory, or con over the pages which record them all; and weigh motives, and judge deeds, with the calm philosophy of the historian. With no personal ambition to gratify, or political partisanship to warp, we can afford to be just to the virtues and forgetful of the faults of the dead.

In this spirit let us stand by the tomb of HARRISON, at North Bend, on the bank of the Ohio, and look back over the sixty-eight years of life through which he passed, from the cradle on the James. They were years of stirring import to the world. They witnessed the throes and birth of a free government, and its progressive steps from a Rebellious Colony to a controlling power in the destinies of the world.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was born in the midst of Revolution, and inherited the blood of heroes. His family descended from a near relation of Genl. Harrison, who was a bold leader in the Revolution of the English Commonwealth, and was sacrificed on the scaffold for his liberal principles. They settled in Virginia in 1640, sustained the high character of their ancestors, and filled many important positions in the Colony.

Benjamin Harrison, the father of William H., was a man of education, wealth and influence. He was a plain, common sense man, withal; a man of the people, and for them. He was early enlisted in the Independence of the Colonies. In 1764 he

was one of a committee appointed by the House of Burgesses, to prepare an address to the throne, and a memorial to the House of Lords and Commons of Great Britain in opposition to the anticipated stamp act.

As British oppression increased, the patriotic fires of the country were inflamed, and with Henry, Wythe, Randolph, Jefferson, and others of Virginia, he stood forth in defiance of the tyranny of England. He was a member of the Convention which met at Williamsburg, August 1st, 1774, and passed strong resolutions in favor of equal rights, and was appointed a delegate to the Congress to be held at Philadelphia, Sept. 1st, when his brother-in-law, Peyton Randolph, was placed in the Presidential chair by a unanimous vote. The six Delegates from Virginia, were Peyton Randolph, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, and Edmund Pendleton. *Great names*, which the world will never let die. He was a member of the Convention which met at Richmond in 1775, and passed the bold Resolution to organize a provisional Government, and adopt a plan of defense for the Colony.

During the session of Congress, May 24, 1775, Peyton Randolph died, and John Hancock was elected to fill the vacancy. He, who with John Adams, had the year before been excepted from the general amnesty of the King. It is related, that when his name was announced, he seemed overcome with modest diffidence, and not proceeding instantly to his post, Mr. Harrison, who was standing near him, seized him up in his gigantic arms, and placed him in the chair, remarking: "we will show Mother Britain how little we care for her, by making a Massachusetts man our President, whom she has excluded from pardon by a public proclamation."

He presided in Congress at the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, was one of the signers of that instrument; and one of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence. With Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Lynch, he was at Washington's headquarters, in 1775, as a Committee of Congress, to consult with him in re-organizing the army. On the Committee to prepare a plan of National treaties in 1776, and member of National Board of War. While in Congress he was in the chair on almost all important questions. Counsellor of Virginia; Speaker of the House of Representatives of Virginia, from 1777 to 1782; then Governor of Virginia; re-elected twice, when he became ineli-

ble by the Constitution—then again member of the Legislature till 1788, and then member of the Convention of his State to adopt the Federal Constitution—nominated for Governor again in 1790, declined it—in 1791 unanimously elected to the Legislature, and died that year. He was a man of commanding personal presence, great wit and humor, strong common sense, a clear head and a brave heart, which made him a fit associate for the great men who ruled the times.

So long and varied a public life in such trying times, is given to but few, and fewer still are they who come out of them as gold tried in the fire.

Gen. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was born at Berkley, the country seat of his father, on the James River, in Charles City County, Virginia, 25 miles below Richmond, on the 9th of February, 1773, and his youth was passed in that State, amid the stirring scenes of the Revolution in which his father was an active participant. He received a classical education at Hampdon Sydney College, and at the age of seventeen years, began the study of medicine, in Richmond, Virginia. In April, 1791, he was sent to Philadelphia, and placed under the charge of his father's most intimate friend, Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, to prosecute his studies. Before he reached Philadelphia, his father died. He became dissatisfied with the study of medicine, and on expressing that dissatisfaction to Gov. Lee, of Virginia, then on a visit to Philadelphia, he recommended him to the army. He consented, and in twenty-four hours after, was an ensign in the 16th U. S. Regiment of Infantry, receiving his commission from the hands of the Father of his Country. Spending a few weeks in recruiting in Philadelphia, he was ordered to join his regiment at Fort Washington, on the site of Cincinnati. He reached his destination in November, just as the remnant of the army of Genl. St. Clair arrived, who had been defeated on the 4th of that month. His own regiment was not in the action, but he says, nothing could exceed the wretched appearance of those who had participated, their clothes in rags, the privations and suffering of the battle, and a flight of 110 miles, through a swampy wilderness, written in marked characters on their countenances. The village of Cincinnati was then composed of 25 to 30 log cabins. There was little to relieve their suffering but the wretched provision issued by the army contractors, almost too bad for human food. The nearest settlement in Kentucky was 100 miles off, and all other sup-

plies, except meat, had to be brought from Pittsburg, and the river being very low, with every prospect of a severe winter, things looked dreary enough. There was abundance of bad whisky, and the soldiers freely gave the remnant of their pay, \$3.00 per month, in exchange for it. The General remarks that he saw more drunken men the first forty-eight hours after his arrival here, than ever before in his life.

The scene before our young soldier was not very promising. Scarcely nineteen years old, of a slight frame, raised in affluence, and amidst the most refined society of the new world, he seemed illly adapted to *mingle* with, much less to *lead*, the hardy, rough, athletic pioneers of the western wild. *They* saw at once that he had not been bred in the hardships which had made them like the oaks of their own forests. And they pictured to him the many marches through tangled swamps, across swollen rivers, pursued by lurking savages, who haunted every tree with rifle and tomahawk by day and night, the burning cabin, the scalped inmates, or wounded, sick and captured prisoner, hurried back through the wilderness, his reluctant step urged on by the war club, and when powerless to move, the tomahawk buried in his brain, or *tied*, a quivering victim to the stake, with howling demons dancing around, while the flames leaped all over and above him, licking him with their tongues of agony.

He was coolly received, too, by the officers. Most of them had earned their promotion by hard service in the wilderness campaigns, some of them in the battles of the Revolution, and they felt it to be an injustice to them, that a mere youta, who had never smelled gunpowder, or seen an enemy, should step forward with a commission which was not a receipt for services rendered. The son of the senior captain of his regiment was the senior cadet, and had been recommended by all the officers of the regiment for the very vacancy to which he had been appointed. Not only did the old pioneers and those who where unfriendly to him sneer, but friends urged him to leave the rough life, for which he was evidently so unsuited, and follow some more congenial calling. But he says, "My dander was raised, I had entered the army, without the knowledge of any of my relatives, and against the advice of the venerable friend of my father, and I had too much pride to acknowledge by a precipitate resignation of my commission, that I was frightened at the dangers which I saw before in perspective."

The small number of troops here was scarcely sufficient to garrison the fort, and during the inclement winters of 1791-2 the service was very severe. In the interval of duty our young ensign applied himself to study. He tells us his library consisted of but one volume of Cicero's *Orations* and the large edition of Blair's *Lectures*, which he had used at college.

But the number of professional works belonging to the officers was quite considerable; and so, in addition to the lessons of his daily duty, he applied himself to obtain a knowledge of the higher military tactics. For this he was well prepared by his former study. Inferior to many of his class at college as a Greek and Latin scholar, he was inferior to but one in belles letters, and particularly in history. He was acquainted with the accounts of all the battles described by ancient authors, from Homer to Julius Cæsar, and had read through the ponderous works of Rollin three times before he was seventeen years of age. This partiality for ancient history marked his whole life, and is seen in all his writings. The months which rolled around in camp were scrupulously devoted to valuable service. His frame hardened by the necessary drill and exercise; his tact and military knowledge were apparent in every duty he was called upon to perform; his gentlemanly conduct won upon the officers; while his genuine humor and friendly intercourse with the citizens and common soldiers, his bravery in not shrinking from any duty or danger, made him a marked man to all. No wonder, then, that in the spring of 1793, when General Wayne, with the keen eye of the commander, selected him for his aid-de-camp, the regiment regarded it as an honor done to the whole corps.

In 1792 he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and fought under Wayne, who spoke of his gallant conduct in flattering terms. After the desperate battle of the Miami Rapids he was promoted to the rank of captain.

He was married in November, 1795, to Annie Symmes, daughter of John Cleves Symmes, the proprietor of the Miami Purchase. It is said that the marriage of the young, penniless officer with the elegant daughter of the wealthy landholder was opposed by her father: the parties themselves quietly called in the friendly aid of Dr. Stephen Wood, near Cleves, then one of the justices of the peace of the Territory, the father absenting himself from the ceremony.

Mrs. Harrison lived to witness the wisdom of her choice in the many tokens of distinctions awarded him, up to the highest in the gift of the nation, and survived him many years, until 1864.

After his marriage, in the same year, Capt. Harrison was placed by Gen. Wayne in command of Fort Washington. He remained on Wayne's staff until the death of that officer in 1796, and in the following year resigned his commission in the army, and was appointed Secretary to the Northwestern Territory. The Secretary being ex-officio Lieutenant-Governor, he acted as Governor for a considerable time—Governor St. Clair having his residence in Pennsylvania, and being rarely in the Territory.

In 1799, August 3d, he was elected the first Delegate in Congress from the Northwestern Territory. The object of those who favored his election was to obtain a change in the laws in regard to the sale of public lands. The early laws in reference to the public lands were exceedingly unfavorable to the rapid settlement of the Territories. First, they provided only for the sale in tracts of two millions acres each, and then of one million acres. Under the first, the Ohio Company purchased the lands on the Muskingum, and under the second, John Cleves Symmes and associates purchased between the Miamies. By subsequent acts, the amount to be sold at one time was reduced to about four thousand acres, except in fractions of townships on river banks. Thus this whole Territory was placed in the hands of speculators, who purchased vast tracts and held them for the rise, and retailed them to poor settlers at the advanced rates. On taking his seat in Congress, Representative Harrison presented a memorial from his constituents for the amelioration of those laws.

A Committee of seven was appointed, of which he was Chairman, which presented a bill providing that one-half of the public lands should be divided and sold in small tracts and on long credit. This he succeeded in getting through Congress, although opposed bitterly by the herd of land speculators, who were not more scrupulous than those of the present.

The effect was electrical. It was hailed with joy by the people as the most efficient law for the settlement of the Territory. At the same session of Congress the Territory was divided by establishing the new Territory of Indiana, and Mr. Harrison appointed Governor and Indian Agent thereof by President Adams. At the same time he obtained the passage of a law extending the

time of payment for those who had forfeited their preemption rights, and thus enabled them to pay for their farms. Under these wise laws the population began at once to pour into the new Territories. Land offices were established in Cincinnati, Chillicothe, Marietta and Steubenville, and large quantities of the best land at once brought into the market and sold to actual settlers; so that in less than three years, the Territory of Ohio had sufficient population to form a new State. To this law alone, may be attributed the rapid growth of the Northwestern Territory, from a population of 5,000 then, to that of nearly *ten millions* in seventy years after. Had the career of General Harrison terminated *here*, he would have left a record of public benefaction, such as to have entitled him to a monument in every county of the Northwestern Territory, and his name to be as a household God in every house.

And now, as Governor of Indiana Territory and Indian Agent of the General Government, came the years which were to try the capacities of our hero. At first he declined the appointment, preferring to remain in Ohio, under the expectation of succeeding Governor St. Clair in that then better settled and less extensive Territory. But, under the advice of friends, he accepted it, and at the age of 27 years, in 1800, he was invested with the official supervision of that vast Territory, which, for a portion of his term, embraced what is now Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, Arkansas, Wisconsin and Iowa, with a population of 9,842,128. The appointment as Governor was for three years. How well he performed his duties, may be judged from the history of the general satisfaction he gave to the people and Government. Upon the expiration of his term he was reappointed by Mr. Jefferson, in 1803, and also in 1806, and by Mr. Madison in 1809 and 1812. During this whole term, the white population, was small and widely scattered, and a large portion of this territory was owned and occupied by numerous tribes of Indians, watchful and jealous of the encroachments of the whites. To guard against their intrigues, it became necessary to form extensive settlements along the Mississippi, Ohio, Illinois, and Wabash rivers, and for this purpose the Indian titles must be extinguished. Governor Harrison was invested in this respect, with almost unlimited authority in drawing money from Government, making presents to the Indians, and treaties with them. His will was almost absolute, so great was the

confidence of the General Government in his wisdom and fidelity. He held the commission as Indian Agent during the whole period of his governorship, and made treaties with the Indians, by which he extinguished their titles to upwards of fifty millions of acres of land. His compensation for these services was six dollars per day, when acting as Commissioner. And he says, although he could act as such when he chose, his entire compensation did not exceed three thousand, and he is not satisfied that it reached two thousand dollars. For one important treaty with the Indians, his charge was \$44.00. A proud example of integrity and economy is this, which, I fear, will hardly be excelled if equalled even, by the Quaker Mission of the present day.

The years of his governorship of Indiana furnish matter for volumes of history. They measure the birth, struggle, and growth of an empire. During that period his home was at Vincennes, on the east bank of the Wabash, and the old gubernatorial mansion is still to be seen nearly opposite the west end of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad Depot. It often witnessed scenes of intense historical interest. For the duties of the Governor were not always of a peaceable character. The growing white population of the Territory was gradually making the Indian feel that his hunting grounds were becoming too circumscribed for his migratory habits. Then came the wild dreams and bitter invectives of the Prophet Elkawatawa, who under a pretended inspiration from the Great Spirit, warned his people to have nothing to do with the pale faces, their religion, their customs, their arms, or their arts, for every imitation of the intruders was offensive to the Great Master of Life. The General endeavored to conciliate them: he sent messages and presents, and friendly, trusted and efficient agents, who spoke to them in their own language, and endeavored to reconcile them. But every sign was unmistakable of their hostile intentions. He attempted to induce them to visit him, but for a long time in vain. Promise after promise was broken. But finally, on the 12th of August, 1810, Tecumtha suddenly appeared with four hundred armed warriors in the yard in front of the Governor's mansion. His bearing was haughty and resolute. Fear seized the inhabitants. But the General was calm and collected. He invited the Chief into the house to hold a council, but Tecumtha replied, "houses were built for *you* to hold council in; Indians hold their's in the open air." He then took a position under some trees, and opened his business with a speech of great

eloquence and dignity, in which he charged that all the treaties made with the Indians are invalid. When he had concluded, one of the General's Aide's, pointing to a seat by the General's side said, "your Father requests you to take a seat by his side." Tecumtha drew his mantle around him, and said with scorn, " My father!" The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother, on her bosom will I repose," and seated himself on the ground. The whole scene was one which only a painter could delineate. The session was an angry one. The General responded that they found the Miamies in possession of the land, and peaceably purchased it, and that Tecumtha had no power to control other tribes. Instantly the savage raised to his feet, and indignantly cried, "*It is false,*" and his dusky warriors, seizing their tomahawks and war-clubs, sprang upon their feet, their eyes turned towards the General.

But, with only a small body guard around him, Harrison restrained his temper, and was cool and firm. Rising, he drew a small side sword, and calmly told Tecumtha he was a bad man, and must take his departure—that "his claims would be referred to the President." Sullenly the chieftain retires, exclaiming: "*If the lands are not given up, you and I must fight it out !*"

Then commenced that long and terrible war, which ravaged the whole North-west. The Indians, assisted, and furnished ammunition and other aid, by the British, began to ravage the cabins of the settlers, and burn and murder the inmates. Then followed the battles of Tippecanoe, River Raisin, Forts Malden, Harrison, Defiance, Meigs, Stephenson, the grand victory of Perry on the Lakes, and the battle of the Thames.

The length of an address will not permit me to speak in detail of any of them, they form part of the imperishable history of the country, accessible to all. In the heat of political contest, General Harrison has been severely criticised for his generalship at Tippecanoe. But the most triumphant vindication of his conduct there was, that after the battle, when Kentucky had lost two of her ablest sons, and many of her brave men, and while there were yet many distinguished officers and men alive who were with him on that fatal field, he was summoned to appear at Frankfort, the capitol, and although not a citizen of that State, was unanimously requested by the Grand Council to take command of her troops, then en route for the frontier, to wipe out the disgrace of Hull's surrender.

He accepted, took the oath, and put himself at the head of the troops, many of whom had been with him at Tippecanoe, among them two members of Congress, one of whom was in the ranks.

As a Kentucky General, he commanded until February, 1813, when on the increase of General officers, he received the appointment of Major General in the line of the army. During that time Perry on Lake Erie, had "met the enemy, and they were ours." And on the battle field of the Thames, Harrison, as the Kentucky General, had broken the power of Tecumtha and his allied British columns. *Here Tecumtha fell—"they had fought it out, and the land was ours."* Then followed in quick succession, the annihilation of the allied armies west of Lake Ontario, and the whole country, from Maine to Georgia, resounded with the praises of the Heroes of Lake Erie and the Thames, and Congress voted thanks and a gold medal to Genl. Harrison. Thus was broken up the Indian confederation of the North.

Genl. Harrison obtained leave to visit his family, and returning by way of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, was everywhere received with heartfelt rejoicings.

Great expectations rose in the minds of the people, that he would be appointed Commander in-Chief of the American army. Perry wrote to him, "I expect to hail you as the Chief who is to redeem the honor of our armies in the North." And other prominent officers expressed the same kindly feelings. But the professed friendly feeling of the Secretary of War was changed suddenly, and he attempted to interfere with Harrison's prerogative as Commander-in-Chief of the Eighth Military District. This caused Genl. Harrison, on the 11th of May, 1814, to tender his resignation to the Secretary of War, who, in the absence of the President, accepted it, much to his sincere regret, as he assured Genl. Shelby, it would not have been accepted had he been at home.

During the summer, he was appointed, with Genls. Shelby and Cass, to treat with the Indians of the Northwest, and settle all matters in dispute with them. This being accomplished, his public duties ceased. And thus, at forty years of age, having been in continual service of his country for twenty-one years, with his private fortune and business shattered, and a large family to raise and educate, he retired to his farm, at North Bend, sixteen miles below Cincinnati, on the Ohio River, in the quietude of peace, among his old companions, to pass the remainder of his

days. Here he remained for a few years, honored and beloved by all. He had neither been corrupted by the immense amounts of public money which passed through his hands, nor become proud, or haughty, or dazzled, by the height of power to which he had been raised. But honest, simple in his habits, kind in his demeanor, and open as day, he attracted all to him and his house, plain as that of the ordinary farmer around him, was always open to the visitor, of whatever rank in life, and all received with an unaffected cordiality, which showed the man was too great for pretence or sham of any kind.

But this quiet must again be invaded. His old Ohio friends required his services, and he was sent to Congress from 1816 to 1819; and again from 1824 to 1828, he represented Ohio in the Senate of the Nation, when he was appointed Minister to the young Republic of Columbia, South America, then struggling for Independence. This position he occupied until the incoming of Genl. Jackson, when a difference of opinion arising between them in reference to the Panama question, he was recalled.

In 1834, he was appointed Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of Hamilton County, Ohio, and acted as such for several years.

His name now became prominently mentioned as a candidate for President of the United States. At the National Whig Convention, held at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on the 4th of December, 1839, he received the nomination for President, and John Tyler, for Vice President. The nomination was received with great favor by the people throughout the country, but, as a matter of course, political partisanship was aroused. The campaign of the ensuing year was one of intense excitement, both parties exerting themselves to the utmost. It will live in political history, as the "*Log Cabin and Hard Cider Campaign.*" Some incantious individual had sneered at the General as living in the backwoods, in a log cabin, and treating his friends to hard cider. This was taken up as the watchword of the campaign. Immense meetings were held all over the land, in which huge processions without end, following a model log cabin, on truck wheels, drawn by twenty, forty, and sometimes as high as an hundred horses, gaily caparisoned with festoons of buckeyes, (the emblem of Ohio,) while the cabin would be filled with prominent, and, in many instances, distinguished gentlemen, drinking hard cider out of gourds, and singing lustily and musically the songs of "*Tippecanoe and Tyler too.*" These would be followed

by parade wagons, brilliantly decorated, filled with young ladies, representing the Goddess of Liberty and each of the States, wagons filled with Revolutionary veterans, soldiers of 1812, and then staid and solid looking Democrats, walking arm and arm, who had stood firm for Jackson and resisted all arguments tending to convert them from the old Democratic faith, but whose fathers had been with Tippecanoe at that famous battle, or through some of his campaigns, now known as "*Straight Outs*," they defied all the blandishments, and sneers, and arguments of the friends of Van Buren, and only replied, in Stentorian voices, with the chorus, "*Van, Van, Van, is a used up man!*"

General Harrison was now 67 years of age. And although for the past few years his frame had seemed to droop, it was attributed by his friends, more to the annoyance consequent on the care for his family and the slender condition of his purse, than from any infirmity of age.

His nomination and the excitement of the campaign revived all his old fire, he visited many prominent places in the land, and was hailed with joy by the people, who gazed with surprise at the quiet, plain old gentleman who seemed as if he might have stepped from any one of their farm-houses as a spectator of the holiday parade. And when he addressed large audiences, as he often did, the candor of his manner, the clearness of his statement of fact and argument, carried conviction to the utmost extent of the vast circle to which the ringing tones of that voice, soft and sweet as an *Æolian lute*, would penetrate.

The mountains, valleys, and prairies were on fire, and for months, it seemed as if one could not, by day or night, get out of sight of the blazing bonfires, or long processions, or cease to hear the refrain caught up every where, by every body:

"For Tippecanoe and Tyler too
And with them we'll beat little Van."

While all the time that "*Ball*" (which caused this great commotion) "was rolling on" until in November, 1840, by such a majority of the popular vote as had never been dreamed of, Harrison was elected President. Out of 294 votes of the Electoral College he received 234. Never was a victory so triumphant, received with such rejoicing, even many of his most violent political enemies seemed to feel that in his honest grasp the affairs of the country would be safe.

The time came when he was to assume the chair of the Chief

Magistrate. During all the years of his public life, his wife had been the principle manager of his home affairs. She was a woman of the highest domestic virtues, devotedly attached to her home and her friends. And while shunning all notoriety into which the high position of her husband would lead her, she was proud of his triumphs, and sought to make his home life and that of their children as sacred and beautiful, as his public career was grand. She still chose to remain at the old home at North Bend, while her accomplished daughter Annie Taylor, wife of Col. W. H. H. Taylor, with her husband, accompanied the President to Washington to preside over the White House, with that grace and intelligence which so eminently distinguished this, the favorite daughter and almost image of her father.

The scene of his departure was most affecting. Old men who had shared with him the toils of the campaigns among the Indians, their wives and children, his old neighbors, the poor, of whom there were many who for years had shared his bounty, gathered to witness his departure, cheering for his triumph while their cheeks were wet with tears. The boat on which he was to pass up the river lay at the foot of Broadway, in Cincinnati. The wharves, streets and every surrounding vessel and house were filled with spectators. Standing on the deck of a steamer, with a clear ringing voice he recalled to the mind of the people that forty-eight years before he had landed on that spot a poor, unfriended boy in almost an unbroken wilderness to join his fortune with their's, and that now by the voice of a majority of the seventeen millions of people of this free land he was about to leave them to assume the Chief Magistracy of the greatest Nation of the earth. He assured them that he was devoted to the interests of the people, and although this might be the last time he would look upon them, they would find him in the future true to the old history of the past.

Prophetic vision! Never more was it given to him to look on the faces of those who this day cheered him on to his high goal. Before visiting Washington, he went to the old homestead on the James river and there in the room of his mother (then dead many years) composed his Inaugural Address as President.

On the 4th of March, 1841, in the presence of an immense multitude at the Capitol in Washington he took the oath of office. His Inaugural Address was a plain but able and comprehensive document. He pledged himself to administer the government ac-

cording to the Constitution as understood by it's framers and early administrators.

He expressed his profound reverence for the Christian Religion and his thorough conviction that sound morals, religious belief, and a just sense of religious responsibility, are essentially connected with all true and lasting happiness. "Let us unite then," said he, "in commanding every interest of our beloved Country to that Great Being who has blessed us by the gifts of civic and religious freedom; who has watched over and prospered the labors of our fathers; and who has hitherto preserved to us, institutions far exceeding in excellence those of any other people."

He called to his Cabinet, Daniel Webster, Secretary of State; Thos. Ewing, Secretary of the Treasury. John Bell, Secretary of War; George E. Badger, Secretary of the Navy; Francis Granger, Post Master General; John J. Crittenden, Attorney General.

Such an array of men of the most eminent ability, at once commanded the admiration of the Country and foreshadowed an able administration of public affairs. On the 17th of March, he issued a proclamation for a special session of Congress to meet on the 14th of May, to legislate on the subject of finances and the revenue, in order to relieve the Country from the great commercial depression under which it had been laboring for several years.

On the 27th of March, 1841, he was seized with a chill and other symptoms of fever. The next day with pneumonia, with congestion of the liver and derangement of the stomach and bowels.

The attack was severe and he never rallied from it, but died at half past one on the morning of the fourth of April, just one month after his inauguration. His mind wandered for a day or two before he died. He fancied he was addressing Mr. Tyler, his successor, and the last coherent words he spoke were "I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government, I wish them carried out, I ask no more."

The Vice President was summoned at once from his home, and took the oath of office as President, on the 7th. The funeral services took place at the White-house, after which, the body accompanied by a large civic and military procession, was taken to the Congressional burying ground and deposited in the receiving vault to await the arrangements of his family. The Nation was shrouded in mourning, and the ensuing 16th of May, set apart as

a day of fasting and prayer, upon which in nearly every town and city the people met in honor of the illustrious dead.

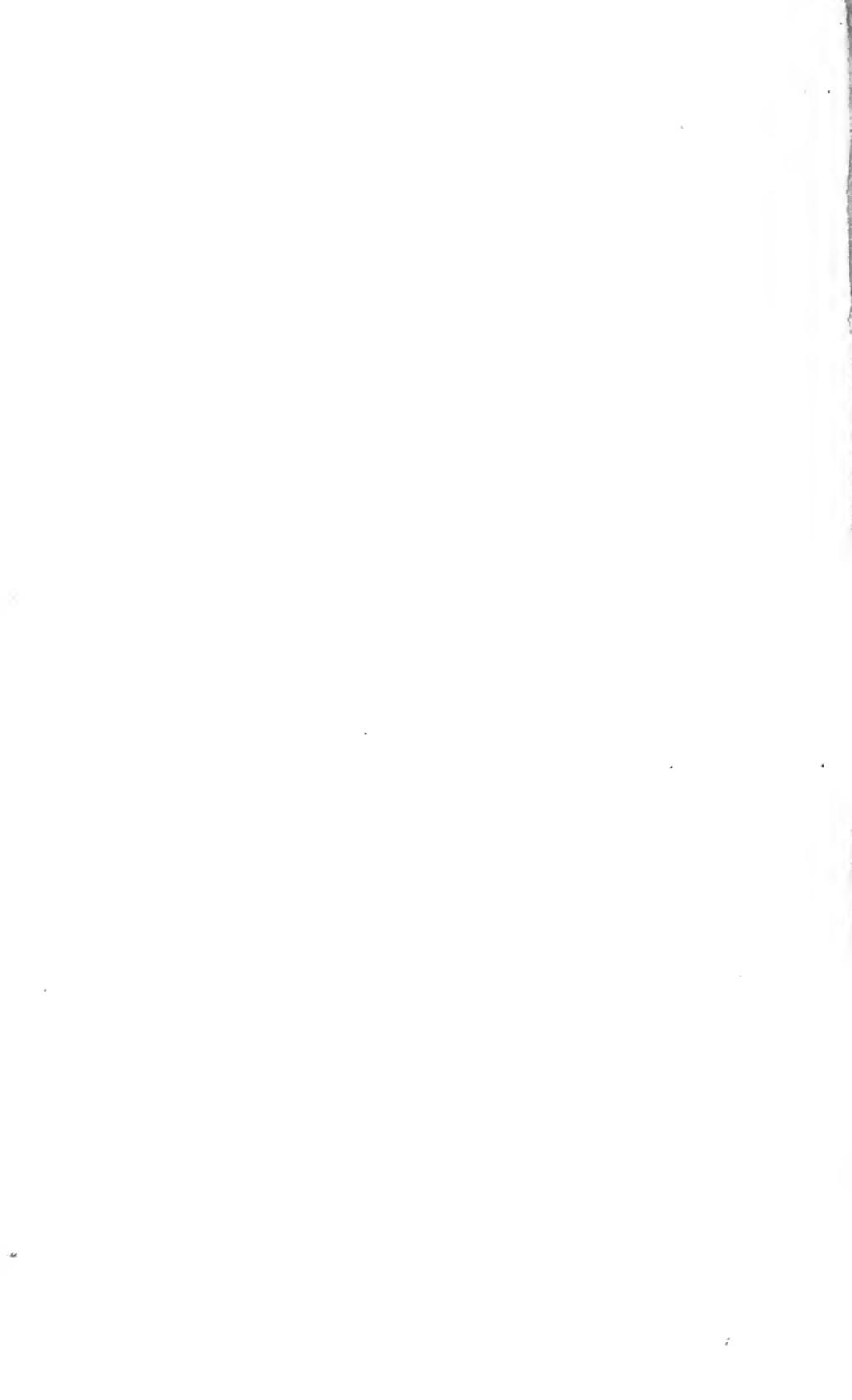
In the meantime preparations had been made to inter the remains on a beautiful hill just west of his home at North Bend, and under the guidance of Committees of Congress and of the principal cities of the country, they were in July, 1841, escorted from Washington. Arriving in Cincinnati, the body lay in state at the house of his son-in-law, Col. W. H. H. Taylor, on the north side of Sixth street, just east of Lodge, and was visited by thousands of his old friends and fellow citizens. It was then after suitable religious services, placed on a bier on the side walk, and the citizens and military filed past it. The funeral procession under charge of George Graham, Esq., still living, then marched to the river, the corpse was placed on a magnificent catafalque on board a steamer, which with two others lashed side by side and loaded with mourners, slowly with solemn dirges and tolling bells moved to North Bend. Arriving there, a long procession followed the remains to the summit of the mound where they were deposited in the vault, beneath a low built structure covered with turf. There have they laid for nearly thirty years.

No marble rears its head to mark
The honored hero's dust,
Nor glittering spire, nor cenotaph,
Nor monumental bust.
But on the spot his manhood loved,
His aged form's at rest,
And he built his own proud monument
Within a Nation's breast.

It has been said that on the death of a great man, the *first* thing the Americans do, is to *resolve* to build him a monument and the *last* thing they do, is to *build* it. If all the resolutions of this character passed in regard to Gen. Harrison had been chrystralized into granite, the hills around North Bend would have been covered with monuments. But the beautiful spot is itself a monument, sacred and historic, prominent from every passing steamer and Rail Road car to the eye of the eager traveler. Standing on its height, one looks over three States, and sees for miles the great hills with the beautiful Ohio, rolling between, with cultivation and peace on either bank. Along its base, scores of times a day, pass the swift locomotives to all points of the compass, bearing the traveler in a few hours to Vincennes, Tippecanoe, Maumee, River Raisin, Lake Erie, or the Thames and hundreds of miles beyond, through populous cities, beautiful villages, rich and highly cultivated farms, amid a peaceful population of ten mil-

lions of free men governed by wise and just laws, made by the Rulers selected by themselves. Here are the monuments which Gen. Harrison has built for himself, and they are more enduring than granite or brass. With the wealth of Kingdoms passing through his hands for so many years, and with millions of acres at his disposal, all that remains in his family is the lot of *three acres upon which his tomb rests*. This, his only living son, Hon. John Scott Harrison, now far past the meridian of life, offers as a free gift to the great State of Ohio, upon the only condition that it is preserved sacred for its present purposes.

Shall not this great State do more? Shall she not through her Senators and Representatives now in session, say we will no longer be ungrateful or unmindful of duty, but with our nearly three millions of people, we will gladly accept this trust, and erect on this sacred spot, a monument, alike commemorating the virtues of the dead and the gratitude of the living.





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